

The Mirror

VOL. I. No. 10

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1912.

PRICE 5 CENTS

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

ROSALIND OF OLD BASING

(Jersey Lily Number Two, Honored at a Banquet in Red Deer on Wednesday Last Week.)

Fair Rosalind! Thy charms I sing.
O'er leavens 'tis a wondrous thing.
Those languorous, brown eyes of thine,
Those lovely cheeks, so soft, so fine,
Thy proud picturesque, girl, enthrall.
Once seeing thee, in vain my old loves call.

Old Basing! Thy ancestral home,
How sad the fate from that to roam
Across the seas and sever all
That tied thee to thy native hall.
He mine, sweet girl, and here I pledge my word
You'll never mingle with the common herd.

The gallants of the little town
Basked in the light of thy renown,
They gathered round the festive board
And at thy feet their offerings poured.
But, heart's desire, don't for a moment fear
You'll linger in the confines of Red Deer.

A larger stall in fame's vast shrine
I'll plan for thee when thou art mine.
Only the cream of life will know
Each month thy stream will faster flow.
For are you not 'mid modic champions the champ

That all the other cows has taken into camp?
—Nanki Poo.

Edmonton, October 19.

Has it ever struck you that real estate advertisers are not always as happy in the selection of their descriptive phrases, which they hope to induce you to purchase their properties, as, with a little care and judgment, they might be. Take the word "snaps," for instance.

"Snaps" to me suggests vicious dogs, steel traps, yawning jaws, hungry ivories. It has also a hint of something that isn't nice.

Then there is that other encouraging invitation, "Get in the swim."

Swim naturally calls to mind "water."

Water, muskling land.

In connection with land it is not a happy choice at all, at all.

"High and dry" are the things best laid emphasis on, in connection with land.

Then there's the word "peninsula."

"Almost surrounded by water."

To be sure, the ad. goes on to explain, that tracks are the inducement to locate in this instance.

Then why not the water idea.

I tell you quite candidly, advertisers should choose their words well.

Sitting back taking notice are the readers, ready like a covey of partridges, to take flight at the first scent of danger.

From time to time I hope to write sketches of well-known people about town. Who is this?

Let's call him Handy Andy for my present purposes.

Handy Andy is the common man in an uncommon degree.

There is no psychological mystery to be unravelled about him, no intellectual shadow land.

He is obvious and elementary.

He is simply the type of man who loves to crack a whip. To lecture it in his own particular stamping ground.

He wants material success and power at any cost. He has no other standard by which to judge life.

Napoleon's question was, "What have you done?" Handy's are: "Who have you done?" "Who can you do?" "What have you got?"

He has never been known to be true to either himself or anyone else. He is not only wants success for himself, but admires and demands it in others.

It is the passport to his esteem.

It is the one thing he understands.

If you will watch his career at all you will see that, as far as he has a philosophy at all, it is that merit rides in a motor car.

The moment you succeed he will court you. You may be only a success in his eyes.

As I said, he has no principles. He believes with Mr. Bigelow that—

"A merciful Providence fashioned us hollow
So that we might our principles swallow."

The one principle to which his loyalty never falters is to be on the side of the big battalions.

This habit of quick decision, dictated without regard to principle, is the key to his success.

He carries no intellectual or moral impedimenta, has no sentiment, is anchored to no theory, holds no view of life. He simply asks, "What will win," and then "goes into it bald-headed."

In the stock exchange you will find hundreds of Handy Anlys, men of that rapid, decisive type who bull and bear with happy indifference to intrinsic merit, and to whom the issues of war and politics are of importance only as they affect his pocket and power.

He would sooner be the people's idol than merit Salvation.

Not that he wants their love, but their influence.

No one readier than he to change his opinions in a night.

He is wedded to no old clothes.

It is so with him, a humbly minded person, that he is always prepared to adopt those of the majority provided they represent the majority.

He backs an opinion as he would a horse—because he believes it will win.

He reminds me of the story of Lord Chancellor

Thurlow and the Nonconformist deputation that went to him to protest against some unjust advantage he had given to the Established Church.

"Why," asked the deputation, "do you always show this partiality for the Established Church?"

"I show partiality for the Established Church," said Thurlow, "because it is established. Get your feet established and then I'll show partiality to you."

It is this commercial spirit that is Handy Andy's contribution to his time.

He is the shop window politician of Edmonton, and his agents are numbered among you by the score.

Fate is often unkind.

Good intentions sometimes get snowed under.

Such was the unhappy experience that befel Alderman May's Fire Prevention Saturday last week.

Nature is impatient of the repulsive, and unclean. Mark how, if left to herself, she reduces and buries, all things uncleanly, and a menace to be living.

The filth that accumulates and cumbers the earth, wherever man makes his dwelling.

I have sometimes wondered where the homeless, helpless dead things disappear to. The birds wounded and left to die.

The shelterless, domestic animals who have neither owner nor roof-tree.

And then I remember that the rain comes down and washes the earth.

The sun performs his unifying functions.

The heat, the cold, all unite to their share to keep the earth a vast city beautiful.

Now, we have learned to do our part.

It was, last week, as if Old Mother Goose had become immanent of sweeping imaginary cow-boys off the sky, and had descended it. Her great bag

You have had your men inspectors.

Look at the result.
The women couldn't be worse.
Give them a chance.

Look what Jane Adams accomplished in Chicago. Around Hull House, where she is at the head of the Social Settlement work, the conditions of both houses and streets were of the vilest possible character.

Jane Adams set herself to change that order of things.

Somehow the City Council were induced to appoint her a Street Commissioner.

Now go to that same district and see what this woman has brought about.

Women act on impulse. Men on policy.

Impulse is sometimes wrong-headed, but it has always this merit, it is regardless of consequences.

While Bill Smith is puzzling out how a certain action of his will affect his business relations with Tom Sawyer, Mary Jones is going ahead, accomplishing things, and letting Tom Sawyer, if it is of him, as he sees fit.

While boasting of our go-aheadness, and caterpiller, the City of Edmonton might show its broad-mindedness by acting on this suggestion.

A year from now, if Alderman Clarke is still alive and kicking, and if he's the first, he's sure to be the last. Johnny Brown's body 'll be hanging from a high apple tree (it'll need a high one) and Assessor Walker's body, it will keep him com-as-sy.

But don't let us first forget the tar and feathering.

I don't know the new Assessor by sight, but I hope it's short, then I can get off an obituary with "and that's the long and short of it" sandwiched in somewhere.

The City Solicitor, I should imagine, would cause something like a sensation with his tar and feathers.

As the subject for a cartoonist's brush, his war

THE ILLNESS OF THE CZAR'S HEIR

Grave fears have been entertained for the Eight-year old Son of the Emperor of Russia, who has been dangerously ill during the past week. The above shows Nicholas II and the Grand Duke Alexis at a recent Review.

of goose feathers, to cover up what she had come to believe, no earthly person took any interest in.

I beg to move that the first fine Saturday, Mayor Armstrong again declare Fire Prevention Day.

With all these disclosures of would-be graft and wickedness, and attempts at cheating in high places, and in our civic life, I have sometimes wondered if the appointment of a woman, a thoroughly capable house-keeper to superintend the city house-cleaning, wouldn't be a good thing.

I would give her a good salary.

Seeing that she kept herself informed of what was being done along these lines in other cities.

It stands to reason that a woman accustomed to dealing with the petty details of house-keeping. The woman who insists on the proper sweeping and dusting of her own home; on the care of children; The woman on whom the family's health resolves. The woman who understands the importance of using only sound fruit and vegetables for preserves and pickling. Who has to keep an eye on everything from a sink to a furnace, would be a pretty capable sort of a person to poke around the city, and supervise its house-cleaning.

I would suggest her making an occasional visit to the dairies, to the bake-shops.

I would use great care in her selection and appointment.

I don't think I'll leave her in the hands of the Municipal Employment Bureau.

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I am not advocating woman's rights.

I am rather calling attention to a city's wrongs.

point, would prove most effective in adding to his lines and curves.

But wasn't Joe perhaps a little drastic in his method?

Would nothing less than a hanging satisfy him? How would he like to be hanged?

I never thought Mr. Brown looked to be such a desperate criminal myself. It takes Joe to find 'em out.

His own business I should imagine would take him very often among criminals.

If he doesn't know one, who should?

It takes a lawyer to catch a thief, or am I right? I know they always set one of a kind to catch another.

All I can say to Mr. Brown is—I'm surprised. I am, really.

I heard the other day some one had offered him thirty-seven thousand for his residence and lots on the corner of Seventh Street.

Mightn't he better have accepted it, and skipped before the tarring?

Before they hanged him from that high apple-tree?

We live in a strenuous age.

While Joe is with us, life should never pall.

I couldn't help thinking as I read of his encounter and solo word-usage with the Solicitor and Assessor, what a dignified figure he will cut as Mayor of Edmonton.

I am sure Mr. William Short has no such fund of picturesque language to draw on at a moment's notice.

Even Mr. Magrath would be handicapped, I should imagine, by his church affiliations.

Of course there must be a difficulty in getting aldermen to serve under Bluebeard Joe.

That "Fee, fie, fo, fum" of his in the midst of

calm deliberations, would be a bit upsetting.

His election should, though, be a tremendous lift to the local insurance companies.

The whole question of this Voters' List business; the court proceedings, and the aftermath, reminds me of the trial scene in "Alice in Wonderland."

"All persons more than a mile high, to leave the court," said the King.

Everybody looked at Alice.

"I'm not a mile high," said Alice.

"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," said Alice; "besides, that's not a regular rule; you invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his note-book hastily.

"Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please Your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to some body."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Please Your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did; it's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't write it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest fellow."

"That proves his guilt," said the Queen.

"It proves nothing of the sort!" said Alice. "Why you don't even know what the verses are about!"

"Read them," said the King.

These were the words the White Rabbit read:

"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim."

"He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true);
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?"

"I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before."

"If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were."

"My motion was that you had been
(Before he had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it."

(This verse is particularly put in for the benefit of the Mayor, who is evidently intended as the subject of the address by Messrs. McAdams and Brown.)

"Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."

"Why there they are!" said the King, triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than that."

Then again—before she had this fit—"You never had fits, my dear, I had?" This to the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke.

"Then the words don't fit you," said the King. "It's a pun," he added in an angry tone. "Let the jury consider their verdict."

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterwards."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice, loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple. (Joe Clarke, please take notice.)

"I won't," said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted, etc., etc.

It makes one, head ache the confusion of it, but what a tenant not an occupant, and when is a pot-boy not a tenant, and when are both something else, and when is Joe Clarke ever sensible, and when Mr. Brown is so absent one to answer him back, and what would Mr. McMillan have done if he had been alive and there, and who is Bob Hamilton, and why was his name suggested as the head of the Municipal Improvement League, and who were McAdams and dear Mr. Brown working for, and what was there in it for them, and is the same thing really lacking Joe Clarke, and why doesn't McAdams stay satisfied with boosting the Outfit in his paper, and why did the Mayor give them away (though I'm glad they didn't bounce him that time), and who altered the lists, and why don't they hang and feather him, and who's going to give Joe Clarke the automobile, and who's back of 'The Capital, and do you suppose Mayor Armstrong will soak out of 'The Capital window this year with Joe Clarke and the rest of them????

But I have no breath left, but plenty of curiosity. When thieves fall out—the public usually gets a look in.

Getting pretty bold, those fellows, though!

"Take care of Parliament, one feels like crying."

"help yourself to all the school lands, and the loose natural resources you can lay your hands on, but send out the City Council."

The Bunch might leave us that.

Continued on Page 8

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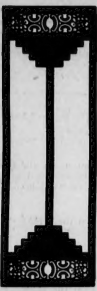
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ROBERT MAYS

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

At the close of this week Edmonton is to have the privilege of seeing one of the most successful plays of recent years, "Pomander Walk." Its author, Mr. Parker, stands in the very forefront of modern dramatists and we are very fortunate in having the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his work while it is still in its way a new sensation.

Just now London is thronging to witness his latest triumph, the Elizabethan play, "Drake," in one of the roles of which that brilliant young actress Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry has added very largely to her reputation by her portrayal of the virgin queen. Mr. Lynn Harding is described as giving a masterly presentation of the character of Drake himself.

The Times had this to say in a recent issue of this very noteworthy production—

"Amid scenes thronged with picturesque crowds or packed with adventure or singing with merriest scenes—thrilling, as it were, with the full life of our busy Old England—there is one scene that stands apart, as something really fine and memorable. It is a scene that has what the others do not, and could not, affect to have—spiritual beauty. Drake has brought his feet to perilous seas, but the worst peril is a board. There is a traitor in the company, who has not only plotted against Drake's life but against the safety of the fleet. He has stirred up mutiny among the officers, setting the soldiers against the sailors. Quickly Drake quells the mutiny, forms a Court-martial, and tries the accused man, who is in a few moments condemned to death. Then the traitor purges himself of his crimes in his last hour. He makes full confession, asks the forgiveness of all, and bids them pray for him. With Drake his parting is of the tenderest. They had been friends of old, and in this supreme moment the two men, judge and condemned, become friends again. They drink solemnly to one another in a loving-cup. Then the man falls upon Drake's breast and Drake quietly kisses him. Of this scene Mr. Lynn Harding has made a beautiful thing, a thing at once a magnanimity and manly conduct. Its value in the play is incalculable. It strikes a note of gravity, of sweetness, of spiritual peace, and yet strikes it with undertones of many courages, even of the Platonic heroic. 'Ex fori dulcedo. Very beautiful too, and with a lofty dignity, in the grand style,' is the scene handled by its two players, Mr. Lynn Harding and Mr. Philip Merivale. Here, then, Mr. Parker has risen to the height of his great argument. For this scene alone Drake stands out as something better than a spectacle, as something worthy of the name of art.

But of course all the rest of it is very much more than spectacle. It is, what it is designed to be, a patriotic stimulus. There is no question here of documentary exactitude, of the real Drake, the real Elizabeth. What you get is a gallery of quasi-historical figures, frankly idealized, turned, as it were, to propagandists of the English idea, of England as the great sea-power. The idea gives the play its unity; Drake is its outward and visible embodiment. You are to see in him the lusty, burly, dauntless, good-humored, essentially patriotic Englishman of the English idea. He is pious, in his way, but full of hearty fun. He is a born leader of men because he is a lover of men, sharing with his crew their hardships, cracking jokes with them, praising them before their Queen.

The Pollards were given a warm welcome back to Edmonton at the close of last week, after an absence of some years. There has never been a juvenile organization that deserved to rank with this, the original one. "Sergeant Bruce and 'The Toy-maker' were well adapted for the youngsters and they made the most of both.

A stock actor who is thoroughly convinced of the villainousness of women tells this tale in support of his opinion: "I had a woman enemy once. She was leading woman in the company when I was leading man. On the stage we were always lovers, but off the stage we didn't speak. I had a scene with her where I was obliged to fold her in a fond embrace. I wore a frock coat and a lovely light satin cravat in this scene. And what did she do? She rubbed her grease paint makeup against that tie every time. I had to buy a new tie for every performance. After a week of this another woman in the company told me what to do. The next time my

lady rubbed her damask cheek against my man's ruff she got a joyous surprise. Her face looked like a road map."

Berton Graley, who writes a great deal of verse in the vernacular, pays his respects to "The Chorus Lady" in the following:

Ain't she the nifty thing,
Decked in her stagey splendor?
Nothing to do but sing!

And watch for a cheerful spender,
Nothing to do but dance
Tripping the light and airy?

Oh, it's a gay romance,
Being a chorus fairy.

Ain't she the lucky girl?
Dancing in her stagey splendor,
In a musical comedy whirl?

Working her shapely legs off
Earning her '18 per cent.
By toll that would kill a farmer.

Ge, but I envy her!
Ain't she the merry dancer?

Nothing to do but hark
To a cussing stage director,
Who's made his shining mark
As a verbal vivisection!

A target for volkish eyes,
Staring from box and gallery,
Over the stage she flies,
Trying to earn her salary.

Nothing to do but work,
Supporting an aged mother,
Dodging the beauty's smirk,
Of many a 'god girl's' brother.

Just paste this in your lid
And take it direct from Sadie:
It ain't no sin, kid,
This being a chorus lady.

"WHY I AM A BACHELOR"

"A Paris weekly journal has been asking its bachelor readers to say why they prefer celibacy. The replies may be classified under four heads: Here are a few replies from the first and largest class, who might be described as egotists," says the Observer.

A City Man: "Love-making takes too much time. There's more durable happiness in making money."

A Barrister: "I am very fond of travelling and want to be able to pack my bag and clear off when I like. A wife would be in the way."

A Commission Agent: "I don't want to be asked where I've spent the evening, or what I've done with my money. My time and money are my own."

A Shopkeeper: "My mother spoiled me. I should never get the same attention from another woman."

A Journalist: "I should have to reduce my personal expenditure. No, thanks!"

Can You Afford to be Without

"THE MIRROR?"

"THE PAPER WORTH READING"

"Born, Friday, August 23rd, 1912, The Mirror, a Journal of protest and conviction. A weekly paper that proposes to speak its mind without regard to any party's or man's, say-so."

"It is an experiment. As you support it, so will its service be."

"With your help, we can make it a great paper; a unique one."

The above are extracts from the Mirror's declaration of principles in its first number, and after reading it do you not think that it is making good, and that it is worth while having it come to you every week?

If you do, the Publishers would be glad to have you fill in the blank below and forward it with the Subscription price to

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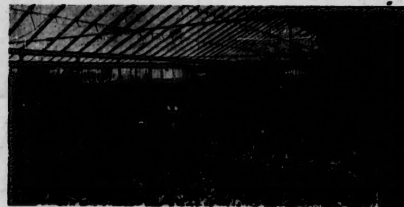
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Published Weekly by the Mirror Publishing Company

Printed by the Edmonton Law Stationers, Limited

Editor: GERTRUDE HALMER WATT

Office: Room 12, Hutchings Block, 200 Jasper Avenue East
Telephones: Office 6886. Editor 1444
Editor's Residence 519 Seventh Street.SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Edmonton \$2.00 per Year

FRIDAY, OCT. 25, 1912

IN THE FIELD OF INVESTMENT

The building returns for the first nine months of the year must make those sit up with astonishment who have talked about the insubstantiality of western activity. Those who have had so much to say about the progress that is being made in western cities consisting merely of the swapping of town lots are silenced. It is quite true that for a long while, out of all proportion to the amount of actual development. But that period is now long past.

According to the Financial Post the total building permits for the nine months in 20 eastern cities was \$53,704,532, while in 22 western cities they were almost twice as large, \$86,168,385.

The returns from Calgary and Edmonton are the most astounding that have ever been registered in Canadian building annals. This looks like a large statement but it is not hard to prove it. Calgary with \$15,261,226 stands not far behind the two leaders, Toronto and Winnipeg with \$22,210,383 and \$18,020,820 and in advance if such cities as Montreal and Vancouver with \$13,327,194 and \$12,722,097. Edmonton presses both of these with \$12,274,142. No eastern Canadian city outside of Toronto and Montreal reaches the five million mark.

Edmonton shows an increase over a similar period last year of no less than 346.9 per cent. Calgary is 46 per cent.

Surely no further evidence is

needed of the sound basis on which these cities now rest.

A large part of the investment in buildings in Edmonton this year is accounted for by the operations of concerns like the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is spending a million and a half dollars on a bridge, that of course does not figure in the amounts given, the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Royal Bank, and numerous other leaders in the world of business and finance. They should know what they are doing in making so large a provision for the future. Houses have gone up during the summer to accommodate over ten thousand people and they are occupied as quickly as finished. Whatever doubts anyone may have had as to the population figure announced at the beginning of the summer after the special civic census, there can be no doubt that it is very considerably in excess of this now.

The Canadian Courier has this to say in its last issue:—

"A Western dealer in real estate thus sums up the situation in a letter: 'Farm lands good; inside city property fair; outside city lots bad.' It is to be hoped that this is true and that the public has got tired of losing its money in new subdivisions."

"During the next three years a hundred thousand town lots in the West will be sold for taxes, and thus pass again into the hands of farmers where they should have remained. If there is any purchaser who wants town lots, let him attend the tax sales and he can get all he wants at bargain prices."

"Not that the West is going back—it is going forward. But the subdivision is overdone. For example, the Edmonton townsite is now 64 square miles, as against Toronto's 40 or 45 square miles. And Edmonton is not as bad as some of the others."

This is the kind of statement that the person who really knows conditions in western cities hesitates very much about making. Every responsible citizen is free to admit that there is very considerable wild-catting being done and that many who have bought without knowing just what they were buying or without the advice of those who have a reputation to sustain are going to be losers.

But there is plenty of property being put on the market that is a very considerable distance from

the centre of the city and that is really excellent buying yet. The thing to do is to consider the general trend of development and the extent to which the future has been discounted in the prices that are being asked.

As for the Edmonton townsite, the last map shows a distance of seven miles from the northern to the southern boundary. The average width is about four miles. Recently some additions have been made, these would hardly bring them to sixty-four square miles.

At any rate this has hardly any bearing on the value of property within the limits. These have been made large on purpose, in order that there may be no separate communities spring up on the outskirts that draw the life from the city and yet do not share its burdens. The policy is one that avoids future trouble, even if it does mean considerable areas of unoccupied land in the meanwhile within the limits.

Another doubting Thomas is the Grain Growers' Guide of Winnipeg. This appeared in its columns the other day:—

"Winnipeg, and no doubt other Western cities, are being plastered with flaring posters booming a certain Fort McMurray. It is described as 'a city site, not a townsite.' The thick splashes of red ink catch the eye as one walks along the street as from a dozen bill boards this flaring advertisement fairly harks at the peaceful pedestrian. 'What, and where,' he asks himself, 'is this growing city?' The poster mentions 'Northern Alberta.' That is true—very true—for it is 250 miles north of Edmonton as the crow flies, and only three degrees further south than the Yukon. From the early traders in that northern country it is known that this has been a Hudson's Bay trading post for many years. Fort McMurray's chief use has hitherto been as a mission and trading post."

Might we suggest that the missionary force be increased and that in relays they extend their ministry upon the local real estate fraternity, preaching the gospel of giving a dollar's worth for every dollar received. Just why a particular plot of ground should become a flourishing city is not very apparent, at least until it has had a trial as farming land. Of course the speculators need the

money, and what better reason could be advanced? The poster describes this venture as 'the last great opportunity to make a fortune out of real estate in Canada.' Nonsense! Fort McMurray, near the mouth of the Mackenzie river, is not yet subdivided. Here is another 'city site, not a townsite,' which, in addition to being high and dry, has the advantage of being high and dry, has the advantage of being well within the Arctic Circle. When the North Pole is discovered past all ginsaying and labelled and festooned with patriotic bunting and an airship

is running between it and southern cities what is to hinder Fort McMurray, being on the direct route, from becoming the metropolis of the Arctic Ocean? And even when the Yukon and Klaffin Land have been suitably decorated with 'city sites, not townsites,' and probably subdivided and worked off on Eastern and preferably English investors, ('distance lends enchantment') our enterprising wild caters need not despair. Mars is still left—a whole world—on which it is conjectured people can live. That is more than can be said of some properties being boomed to-day."

The Mirror has no interest in exploiting Fort McMurray and has not anything to say for or against any particular land-selling proposition there, but it must express surprise that a western journal should ask why there should be a city at this particular point.

If there is any place that one can be assured of becoming the site of a great city, it is where water and rail meet. At Fort McMurray will be found the terminus of the railway line which will allow the opening up of three thousand miles of as fine waterway as there is in the world. This is a development that every Canadian should know something about.

Edmonton plans the expenditure next year of ten million dollars on construction work. During the present season no less than thirteen and a half miles of paving have been laid, and much would have been done if it had been possible to push the work through. A million dollars will be spent on this branch in 1913. The street railway extensions will

cost at least a million and a quarter dollars.

The Interurban Railway promises to have its line to St. Albert in operation by Feb. 1st. This will be a record bit of construction, if the plans are carried out. The fact that the system of having power generation on the cars themselves is to be adopted will make it possible to get the line in operation with unusual rapidity, all overhead work thus being rendered unnecessary.

Of the advantages of these lines no one has any doubt. They have a very great deal in the building up of large American centres and will do the same here. Bertion Briley has written of 'The Interurban' in the following verses:

I buzz across the country hills,
I hum along the valley,
I cross the brooks and purring
rills,
I pass each lane and alley.

I carry folk on business bent,
I carry those on pleasure;
I bring the countryside content
in full and brimming measure.

Through wind and rain and sun
and snow,
In every sort of weather,
I shuttle swiftly to and fro
And knit the land together.

I bring the countryman to town;
It also is my duty,
To take the city dweller down
To scenes of rural beauty.

With freight I often hum along
From farm to busby and
(Or vice versa) and my song
Is quite a cheerful ditty.

Through wind and rain and sun
and snow,
In every sort of weather,
I swiftly shuttle to and fro
And knit the land together.

The difficulties in connection with the building by-law having been adjusted, the work on the new theatre and hotel building on third Street, next to the Empire, is to be proceeded with immediately, according to Mr. Sherman. He this week acquired a full two hundred feet, paying \$1,000 a front foot for the 62 feet extra that he required. The building will be six storeys in height.

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FACTS THAT PROVE

to give you some idea of the tremendous improvements and developments that we are carrying out on our property—We quote you our pay roll for construction work only for the past month—from September 6 to October 4.

Average number of men employed each week.....	52
Total amount paid out in wages for construction work only.....	\$2730.30
Total amount of street grading.....	17-10 miles
Approximate area of land cleared of dead trees and underbrush.....	59 acres
Approximate amount of ditching.....	4800 feet
Number of houses under construction.....	8

I have examined the checks and vouchers in connection with the construction work on Beacon Heights Annex and hereby certify the above figures to be correct.—October 11.
R. WALKER

It has come to this—you cannot afford to be without a lot in Beacon Heights Annex—You are losing money every day that you delay your purchase. You can buy a lot in THE HOMESITE BEAUTIFUL for \$125 up; quarter cash balance 4, 8, 12 and 16 months.

I hereby certify that this photo was taken by me on Beacon Annex, October 8th.—R. Walker.

I hereby certify that this photo was taken by me on Beacon Heights Annex, October 8th.—R. Walker.

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Each Sufferer Cured by "Fruit-Lives"

December, Oct. 17th, 1924.
 "I was a dreadful sufferer for many years from Biliousness and Biliousness, or Torpid Liver. I tried many remedies and physicians, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I finally found 'Fruit-Lives' and after the first box, I was so much better that I continued using these fruit tablets and they were entirely cured me."
 "I certainly can recommend 'Fruit-Lives' to anyone who suffers from Biliousness, Biliousness or Torpid Liver." Mrs. IRAC VANICKELT.
 "Thousands of people have had the same experience of Mrs. Vanickelt. They have tried doctors and taken all sorts of medicine, only to find that 'Fruit-Lives' is the one and only remedy that actually cures these troubles."
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 "It is a box, 6 for 10c, or 12 for 20c. At all dealers or from Fruit-Lives Co., Ltd., Ottawa."


NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Estate of John Ah Quai, late of the City of Edmonton, in the Province of Alberta, Merchant, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of the late John Ah Quai, who died on the 24th day of June, A.D. 1912, are required to send to National Trust Company, Limited, Edmonton, Administrator of the estate of the said deceased, or to Messrs. Wallbridge, Hemmord and Gibson, Barristers, Edmonton, Solicitors for the said Administrator, on or before the 19th day of October, 1912, a full statement of their claims and of any securities held by them, duly verified, and that after that date the administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has been filed with it or its Solicitors.

Dated at Edmonton, this 14th day of September, D. 1912.
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HOOPER'S



THE SHOP FOR MEN

THE HOUSE OF LIFE

By Madison Cawein

They are the wise who look before,
 Nor fear to look behind;
 Who in the darkness still ignore
 Pale shadows of the mind.

Who, having lost, though loss be much,
 Still dare to dream and do;
 For what was shattered at a touch
 It may be mended, too.

The house of Life has many a door
 That leads to many a room;
 And only they who look before
 Shall win from out its gloom.

Who stand and sigh and look behind,
 Regretful of past years,
 No room of all those rooms shall find
 That is not filled with fears.

'Tis better not to stop or stay;
 But set all fears aside,
 Flung wide the door, what'er the way,
 And enter at a stride.

Who dares, may win to his desire;
 Or, failing, reach the tower,
 Whereon Life lights the beacon-fire
 Of one immortal hour.

She slept to dream that Life was Beauty
 And woke, to find that Life was Duty—

Someone worked it so on the little white-frilled pillow-shams at home. Worked it in bright red linen that the little girls who slept on the pillows underneath should perhaps, carry the lesson of it with them into their journeyings in the big wicked world.

On the walls there were other quaintly-worked mottoes. They were mostly on cardboard, and told of God being Love, and admonishing little children to love one another.

"The room, as I remember it, was sweet and old-fashioned, with most 'normous flowers on the wallpaper. Flowers, that danced and waited out at you by the light of the moon as you fell asleep—and in the grey of early dawn as you lay with half-closed lids, almost seemed to bloom before your eyes, into great bunches of impossible blue roses, tied with the most distracting silvery ribbon, while the ceiling was pierced by glittering stars of gold.

Gone is that little room, and vanished the days when texts adorned the walls, or looked fixedly at you from the immaculate whiteness of crimped-edged pillow shams.

Now we would smile at the crudity that did its embroidery in bright red linen threads, or spelled mottoes at you from every conceivable cranny and strategic position available.

Because this is an artistic age, when questions of color, and blending, and right perspective, and fixed styles, blot out very often of making of one's roof-tree, a more important consideration home.

Last night I dreamed a dream. Back over a quarter of a century, and over the two thousand odd miles that separate me from the house of my childhood, the Dream Maker Man led me, and as we went the years slipped from me, and the West was no more than as if I had wandered afield for a short visit, and was just going home.

I remember I was very eager to hear all that had happened in my absence.

Was my sister home again from the Aunt's?
 Had the boys missed me?
 Were the pansies out yet?
 How was the old church on the corner, with the wheezy golden weather-cock that never told anyone anything?

Had the policemen chased any of the children off the chains of fate?

Were the bumble-bees back in Mrs. Tanner's holy-hocks, and had any one bottled the bees and gotten any honey?

Do they still play, "Here we are coming gathering nuts in May?" Have they taken the old red cow away to pasture yet?

And the Dream-Maker Man told me "no, it was all just as I had left it, nothing had changed, and presently we were in the rickety old black cab at the station and soon in front of the long, white brick house, with the two front square bay windows, in one of which my grandmother sat each evening over the tea-tray and read the daily paper.

There she was just the same.

The same, only dearer, and more appreciated for the absence.

I had never known she was so beautiful. I had never realized how exquisitely her silver hair waved over her forehead.

How graceful she was, how becoming and stately her rich black dress with the white frills at throat and wrist. I had never known how deep the love that shone from her steady, soft, blue-grey eyes. How lovely it was to be home again, and held close to her heart, and cuddled and made much of.

At tea it was quite natural to see the big table surrounded by the aunts and uncles, now scattered and grown quite as white as the sweet woman who sat at its head.

Nothing changed. Same cheery gossiping, same Grandfather laying down the law, the same old investments against Sir John. A. Same faithful old Betty to wait on table. A round of the yard, and a look in on the corner stores, with a few loud-called greetings to special chums sitting on the steps—door-steps completed—the evening until bedtime, and then I found myself going up the black walnut stair-case with the nice, broad, easy steps, calling good-nights as I went.

The old room was familiar as entered, yet different. Now seemed to know that it was especially lovely having a beautiful grandmother to put me to bed. I liked those funny old mottoes on the wall. Quoted that I hadn't paid much attention to them ever before.

Funny little rustic-looking frames, with spread out leaves or acorns at the corners with the boughs crossed.

Glad I had such sweet old things in my room. I admired, for the first time perhaps in critical fashion, the mahogany swinging mirror.

Nice wall paper. I liked the big blue roses. "Hope you haven't lost anyone have my pocket-knives," I said to my Granny, "the one with the brown velvet, lined with pink silk?"

"Helen wore it once," she told me. "You don't mind."

"Where," I heard her say, "did you ever tear that big slit in your dress?"

Lickety! If I hadn't forgotten them. I hadn't remembered climbing lately. Instead I began to have a vague feeling of care and responsibility and bewilderment.

Being an "understanding Granny" I tried to tell her about it, but she just smiled and said it was good to have me home again. "Now say your prayers."

Lickety! If I hadn't forgotten them.

And then we took off, she and I, the pillow-shams, and folded back the wire frame which held them so trimly in place in day-time. What that was written on the shams?

"Life," she read, "to dream that Life was Beauty—ty. And woke to find, 'she paused,—"that Life was Duty." "You, little harum-scarum girl," said she, "as yet you don't know what beauty is."

"Duty—well that means being obedient, and doing the things you know you ought to do. It means service."

And then she was gone. It was puzzling wasn't it? Oh but I didn't like doing the things I ought—

I didn't like going to school. I hated doing my duty.

Across the still morning air, the rattle of the six o'clock car awoke me.

In a vague way it annoyed me in a most irritating fashion. Where was I?

What was I thinking about? Something about shams and duty—

The wallpaper with the stars and big blue roses had vanished. Back again to Edmonton, and responsibility—and getting up—and work—and Duty. It apparently common to both places.

Then, only a hazy idea that it meant something unpleasant. To-day, that with that very sense of obedience, and service. Beauty comes to me.

If these twenty-five years after then, the lessons the dear, beautiful Grandmother and the little red embroidered shams taught me, are still with me, is there perhaps not a suggestion to us mothers, that the supposedly trivial things and surroundings of childhood, come back in the after-days of life, to remain with our children in startlingly vivid fashion.

The apparently unnoticed ad-

monitions and advice, the mottoes on the shams.

Home—as you and I are making it for our boys and girls.

Dreams are just dreams—perhaps. But sometimes they effect the business of the world.

A QUEEN'S SONG

Oh, gail to me my jewelled fan
 My robes, my throans, my crowns!
 I long to hear the pipes of Pan
 At morn, upon the downs.

The carven trees about me now
 Are porphyry and jade.
 And my soul soos, remembering how
 We slept in beechen shade.
 —E. B. C. Jones.

The above is an exquisite little poem sent me in this week by a friend, and written by a young English girl of his acquaintance. There were four or five in all. Not one of them but stamps their author as a child of genius, and a being to whom the Gods have been very very kind.

Listen to this one:

There is romance in masts of ships
 Crowded against the skies;
 Romance in curving hair and lips,
 In living hands and eyes:

Romance in paths remote and green,
 In outlines of the downs,
 And unknown faces, dimly seen,
 In byways of strange towns.
 —E. B. C. Jones.

And this:

My heart has no accurate tongue,
 And where is the soul in my speech?
 Can the hair's breadth thought be song?

Nay, for it swerves e'er it reach
 The lips, e'er it stain the page.
 How shall the spirit speak—
 In face and in work and word—
 I maintain: Words are weak.

Music alone of all
 Is the voice of the soul.
 Yet, Enterpe holds me in thrall,
 I serve her heart-whole.

For, she, tho' not me that you clasp,
 Yet me, through my hand:
 So someone may dimly divine
 (Reading these verses of mine)
 The shade of my meaning may grasp:

And perchance understand.
 —E. B. C. Jones.

In all of them, there is, as my friend remarks, a hint of Swinburne.

In the beautiful imagery, the exquisite word-painting, and the minor thoughtful undertone, in which perhaps Swinburne excels, more than any other English poet.

But—though not in the sense of that plagiarism or suggestion of that nature—Mr. Jones' work is strongly reminiscent of another great favorite of mine, Laurence Houseman.

With rue my heart is laden
 For golden friends I had,
 For many a rose-lip maiden
 And many a light-foot lad.

By Brooks too broad for leaping
 The light-foot boys are laid:
 The rose-lip girls are sleeping
 In fields where roses fade.

Had I more time, I might have picked on one that perhaps better illustrates why Laurence Houseman came to my mind, the moment I read Miss Jones' first poem.

But if you know Houseman and his "Shropshire Lad," you will recall for yourself the same exquisite something which makes them kin, and incidentally furnishes the peculiarly appealing quality common to both.

I have to thank the sender of the verses for a rare treat, and for the interest he has shown in "The Mirror."

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IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

A CALL TO ARMS (AND LEGS)

"Come out, 'tis now September"
 Ye Muddled Oafs draw near,
 King Footer reigns, remember,
 The rest of all the year
 Come out, ye men of muscle,
 Backs, Forwards, Goalies,
 Halves,
 And for the time-worn tussle
 Prepare your fatted calves.
 Lo! where the light winds wander
 And greenest grasses grow,
 In next to nothing, yonder
 Behold the friendly foe,
 Hard fighters, primed with ardour
 To dribble, shoot, and win,
 And back you even harder
 Upon the shiny shin.
 Hark! how the crowds are yell-
 ing
 Over each pass and spurt,
 Till half the heavens are telling
 The deeds of Bill (or Bert).
 Hark! how their hoarse tones car-
 ry
 'Till all the earth is still,
 To hear their 'Nah, then, 'Arry,
 And "Buck up, Bert (or Bill)."
 Gone is the wailing Willow;
 The Tennis field lies dumb,
 Or sobs upon his pillow—
 Footer, in fact, has come,
 And by you weeping wicket
 Vainly (perhaps in vain)
 It may not be, like Cricket,
 Drowned in the drenching rain.
 —Truth.

Do you remember that cartoon that appeared in Punch at the close of the season of Ladyship, depicting a cricket match in progress in the beleaguered city. A batsman stood at the wicket, and down the crease came a shell. "No ball" was the title.

The other day I came across a story in Sir Alfred E. Turner's "Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life" which recalled this. It was of the time during the Fenian troubles when Lord Spencer, a keen cricketer, was vicerey of Ireland. Sir Alfred writes:

"The Zingari were invited by him to the Viceroyal Lodge, and a match was organized between a selected Viceroyal team and the visitors. When it came to Lord Spencer's turn to go to the wicket, it was seen with surprise that he was closely followed by a man in ordinary garments and carrying an umbrella, with one of his side pockets bulging considerably. It was at first thought that it must be a relief for one of the troops."

It soon, however, became apparent that it was one of the Viceroy's personal guards, an ex-sergeant-major of the 40th Regiment and a Victoria Cross man, and the bulging object was his revolver. The spectacle of the Lord Lieutenant, bat in hand, going to the wicket on his own ground, protected by a Victoria Cross man armed with a revolver was unique and remarkable."

A writer in one of the London papers has this to say on a subject that we are gradually getting different views in regard to in Canada and that has an especial appeal to all to whom an outdoor life appeals—

Last Saturday Mr. Morrell, father of the National Sunday League, was eighty-nine. As long ago as 1855 he was advocating the opening of museums and public bands in the parks. At last military bands were allowed in the Royal parks, and the archbishops, priests, and deacons prohibited the ruin of England. The person still trembles at Sunday amusements, but golf and lawn tennis, cycles and motors, and the river have healthily emancipated the people from the priest. There are football and cricket on playing grounds near and around London. All these amusements are not inconsistent with divine worship. By such recreation, sobriety and happiness and health are encouraged, and folk have less time to think the blessings of single land taxes or myriad protection duties. A happy people is easily governed. Our priests of the Established and Nonconformist Churches have done their best to make Sunday miserable. But the people have prospered, and have had their way. In the fullness of his years the leader of the movement for the people, at all events in the south, learning to enjoy themselves, even though southern watering places become places of damnable dissipation one day in the week. Bigotry still ramps on town councils."

The Youth's Companion, published in the home of the world's baseball champions, has this to say about the language of sporting editors—

"Baseball undoubtedly appeals to more Americans than any other

sport, and reports of the professional games attract more readers than reports on any other sporting events. It is a pity, therefore, that the great city dailies do not hire sporting editors who can write English. Here is the opening sentence of a two-column report of a recent game: 'Joe Wood, he of the smoke, master weaver of the stuff that pennants are made of, drove his swift shuttle slings through the warp of his bidding record again yesterday, and added a great victory over Walter Johnson to the general design, and so on. "The least slip-up looming in lethal dreadfulness before him." The defenses shared the center of the spotlight only at spasmodic intervals.' This, of course, is only an ignorant man's attempt at fine or impressive writing; but the rest of the two columns is made up of slang that would make Noah Webster turn in his grave. What is likely to be the effect of this mental slop on the speech of the millions of boys who love it?"

The Companion says is very large. Slang may be used in such a way as to be really humorous. George Ade has shown its possibilities. But there is no doubt that most sporting editors so strive for effect with it that their work becomes simply foolish.

The brightest sporting reporting is freely interspersed with slang that is in ordinary use but it does not depend wholly on it. As an example of the best take a look at the baseball reports of the New York Herald. In the first game of the world series, we were told how Snodgrass stepped to the plate and "helped himself to three liberal portions of bright October sunshine." That is very much more expensive than any strained slang phrasing.

But the man who undertakes to reprove another for this weakness is not unlikely to feel at times very much akin to the person whose conversation was reported in a recent issue of Life. This was part of his discourse—

"Take it from us, kid, there's no nourishment in slinging this slang stuff. That's a cinch. Slang is all to the bad. It doesn't get you anywhere. Forget that Norwegian college professor who says that American slang is the swell talk. He's trying to put one over on us. Either somebody's been handing him a lemon or else he's trying to con us. Listen! You can't make a hit with the tony guys unless you get a little style into your lingo. The trouble with slang is that it puts your vocabulary up the blink of a jiffy. And then, when you want to have a touch of high life and throw the lugs, you're in bad. See? Do you get us? Have some class about you and cut it."

There was considerable talk about the World's championship games being fixed in order to get the largest possible gate receipts. The whole record of such series is against such a charge and the arrangements are not such as to give it any color.

As the minimum number of games necessary to close this series was four, the players were allowed to participate in the profits up to the fourth game. For the first four games sixty percent of the gate receipts went to the individual players. It would naturally be supposed that a few draw games interspersed would add to their receipts. Not so. The one draw game of the series was a loss to every one but the spectators. Because it was a draw, all their tickets were good for a free entrance to the next day's game. After the fourth game the receipts all went to the management. It might be thought that because the receipts the winning side could afford to lose a game to swell the players no longer participated in receipts for their managers. Even this had been carefully guarded against. While at the end of the fourth game the players had won for themselves the sixty percent of all receipts which team was to get the larger share of this sum, that amounted to about a quarter of a million dollars. The winning team was to have three-fifths and the losing team about two-fifths. In the management, therefore, to approach the players of a team with a request to lose a game to make another day of it was to ask that team to increase their chance of losing some eighty thousand dollars. The person who thinks that the teams are working the spectators for admission money must suggest a better method of making it to the disadvantage of the players to do so.

Those who direct professional baseball long ago came to the conclusion that if the game was to

prosper, it was necessary to convince the public that it was being played on the square. They have amply succeeded and less popular games should take a leaf out of the book of baseball.

Mr. William Hendrie, the well-known Ontario racing man issued a strong protest against the continuous racing that has gone on at the Coast this summer. There is no doubt that it is bound to hurt the sport, which has to watch itself very carefully in this as in every other country.

That there is a large measure of luck in winning the King's prize at Hitley has often been contended. The following from a London paper of recent date bears this out—

"A team composed wholly of winners of the King's prize at Hitley had to acknowledge defeat by the representatives of the London and Middlesex Counties Rifle Club at Hitley on Saturday."

The gold medalists, who were shooting as the North London Rifle Club were; Sergeant G. Fulton sen, Queen's Westminster (winning in 1881); Sergeant Cummingsen, Queen's Edinburgh (1901); Captain Johnson, London Rifle Brigade (1902); Captain R. F. Davies, Queen's Victoria's Rifles (1906); Lieutenant Radice, Civil Service (1910); and Private G. J. Fulton, Queen's Westminster (1912). They would make one of the strongest teams that we got together to represent their country in an international contest.

Their opponents, however, defeated them by seven points.

A white hope is an aboledd young man with an incurable aversion to work.

All that is necessary to become a white hope is a massive frame, a Caucasian complexion and a press agent, the latter being indispensable.

The life of the white hope is brief and to the point, as the rhetoricians are wont to say. He springs up during the night as does the meek and humble mushroom, poses for the photographers, tells the story of his past life and enters the ring after which he returns to his previous condition of servitude.

James P. Jeffries was the original white hope. He threw and waxed healthy until the Black Hand turned off the sunlight.

The only redeeming feature of the average white hope is that as a fighter he is good to his folks.—George E. Phair, Chicago Examiner.

Last Saturday's Rugby game resulted about as expected, the Eskimos beating the Calgary Y.M.C.A. by 18-0. The fight is between the Eskimos and the Tigers entirely and the supporters of the former are more confident than ever after the showing last Saturday that the championship will come north.

The hopes of the Edmonton soccerites were blighted on Saturday when they lost the final for the Bennett Shield to their namesakes in Calgary by 1-0. It was a good game from all accounts and anybody's right to the sounding of the final whistle.

The surprise of the eastern Rugby situation was furnished on Saturday when the University of Toronto team, Dominion champions for three successive years, were beaten decisively by McGill, 28-7. Ottawa and the Argonauts defeated Hamilton and Montreal respectively in the Interprovincial. The overwhelming of Varsity will do a good deal to create a new interest in the game in the east.

SONG FOR OCTOBER

(T. A. Daly).

Ho! for the frosty mornings,
 Gold and white and brown!
 One leap from bed to breakfast,
 And off we dance to town,
 Each heart a merry tabor,
 Sounds "cheer up" to his neighbor,
 And "God be thanked for labor
 With heaven's sunshine o'er us,
 A fair day's work before us,
 Our spirits chant in chorus,
 "Oh, joy to be alive!"

Ho! for the frosty sunsets!
 Ruby, sapphire, chrome,
 Glow warmly in the beacons
 God sets to light us home.
 And though the colors splendid
 With shadows gray be blended
 Before our journey's end,
 Our weary hearts revive,
 The nearer we are faring
 To home-lights, warmly flaring,
 And those with whom we're shar-
 ing
 The joy to be alive.



We extend to you a cordial invitation
 to visit our new Victrola Parlors at

Edmonton's Best Music Store

And we will be delighted to have the
 pleasure of entertaining you with a
 favorite selection by any of the
 world's great artists.

The Masters Piano Co.

432-5 JASPER AVE. W. Alberta Block
 HOME OF THE FIRST BELL, THE PIANO WITH
 THE SWEET TONE

HAVE YOU EVER HAD

the privilege of hearing this magnificent Victrola? If not we give you a hearty invitation to call at our Victor department, where we have an extraordinary high class stock of records.

MASON & RISCH

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PIANOS.

PHONE 2436

All the world's greatest Vaudeville Artists make Records only for the

Victor Victrola

Hear them to-day at any of "His Master's Voice" Dealers. Send for a free copy of our 300 page Musical Encyclopedia.

Double-sided Records are 90 cents for the two selections.

Victrolas are from \$20 to \$250.

Berliner Gram-o-Phone Co. Montreal Limited

October Records Now on Sale

AT

THE DOUGLAS COMPANY, 111 JASPER EAST

We carry the largest stock of Records and Machines in Edmonton,

VANITY FAIR



WE MOUNT

DIAMONDS PROPERLY

You might be greatly and very pleasantly surprised to learn how your jewelry can be improved by remounting.

Think of this and try

Ash Brothers

DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND
MANUFACTURING
JEWELERS

DIAMOND HALL
111 Jasper West
DIAMOND HALL BRANCH
350 Nanaimo Ave.

Mr. F. Hay Burt

IMPORTER OF MILLINERY

Showing Paris, New York
and Chicago Hats, besides
my own exclusive designs,
also the Newest in Scarfs
and Veils.

Suite 219 Alberta Block
427 Jasper Ave. West.

PHONE 5960.

Ladies'

Tailors

SPECIAL

SHOWING

OF

FALL SUITINGS

Latest Importations:

Chinchilla Velours, Mixed Tweeds
Suitings, New Shades Broadcloths.

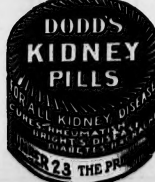
FORBESTAYLOR CO.

Costumiers

233 Jasper Avenue West

A HOLIDAY BOOK

"The only book which I take away with me for my holidays is a cheque-book," says Dr. J. H. McClure, headmaster of Mill Hill.



"This week has probably been the worst on record this season for dances, teas, luncheons, etc. Probably no girl has had more at the Capital, prior to her wedding, than Miss Adelle Belcher's friends have showered upon her during these last few days of her's, as a member of the entertaining set. Most of the entertaining done since our last issue, has been in her honor, and I am sure after Wednesday's big wedding she will be quite ready for a prolonged rest.

One of the smartest affairs was Mrs. Hefferman's luncheon of fourteen covers, at the King Edward on Tuesday. The table set in the drawing room upstairs, was exquisitely decorated with great bowls of yellow mums, the place-cards being tied with the same glorious blossoms, while Miss Belcher's favor was a beautiful sheaf of white bridle roses, tied with long satin streamers. The luncheon itself was a very ambitious one, and served to the King's taste.

Miss Belcher was looking very smart in a white serge suit, with a large black hat, caught with a cerise and white plume. Mrs. Hefferman wore a striking toilette of black ribbon and velvet, trimmed with cerise satin, and tiny gold buttons, and a chic Charlotte Corley turban, en suite, faced with gold lace.

Those who sat down at this happy party were: Mrs. Cherry of Winnipeg, smart guest visiting Col. and Mrs. Belcher, the Misses Helen and Stella Hefferman of Lethbridge, the former of whom will, by the way, spend the winter in Edmonton, visiting her brother and his wife, Mrs. Joyce, Mrs. Balmer-Watt, Miss Marjorie Beck, Miss Emily Brown, Miss Mewburn, of Lethbridge, Miss Helen Beck of Los Angeles, California, Miss Bessie Form, Miss Jessie Belcher, and Miss Marjorie Brown.

I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Julian Garratt taking tea at the Blue Moon on Tuesday, the latter looking very smart in a black tailcoat-made with touches of white, and a stunning black hat, draped with white plumes caught flatly on the brim. I believe they returned on Monday night from their honeymoon, and that they are occupying Mr. Garratt's former bachelor apartments on First street.

Miss Helen Beck, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Marjorie Beck, returns to her home in California on Sunday.

As I think of it, Mr. Walter Ramsay is holding a reception in his greenhouses on Thanksgiving day, an orchestra being in attendance, when everything will be well between the hours of two and half-past five to go and see what a splendid display Mr. Ramsay has raised for the decoration of their tea parties, their houses, and for friends to send happy greetings with, on the Thankful day. The crysanthemums are magnificent this year. The carnations and roses even lovelier than ever. And lately Mr. Ramsay imported some charming baskets and receptacles for the holiday trade, that will make an irresistible appeal to every flower-lover's heart. At the luncheon on Tuesday Mrs. Cherry of Winnipeg expressed astonishment that the mums used for the table decorations were actually grown in Edmonton.

"Do you know," she told me, "we don't raise a single flower for sale in the 'Peg.' They all come from St. Paul and the big American cities. I think sometimes that we don't realize all that Mr. Ramsay has accomplished and done for Edmonton, in the way of making it possible to procure all a city's advantages in the way of obtaining flowers for our homes and fetes. He is a real pioneer of the beautiful, and a tremendous advertisement for what our climate can do in the way of growing the finest and most delicate plants. Don't fail to see his splendid display on Thanksgiving Day."

The following letter from (Mrs.) Jean Blewett, the authoress, I think best explains itself. My Dear 'Peggy'—Yesterday brought a wire telling that my mother had died on the 25th. She was much beloved and I feel her death very keenly. I wonder if in your paper that my Edmonton friends may understand why I am not carrying out my programme, and having the pleasant visits I had hoped. We came straight through when we came on here.

as Mr. Blewett had some business at Fort Vermilion and Dunvegan requiring his presence.

All the Peace River country is in autumn grandeur, and most beautiful to see. It has been a glorious summer, even though it is ending in sadness. We return in two weeks.

JEAN BLEWETT.
Peace River Crossing, Sept. 27.
I am sure Mrs. Blewett's many friends in Edmonton will extend her deepest sympathy in her loss, and understand her change of plans.

She is a big-hearted, whole-souled woman who has written many a word of encouragement and sympathy for others in their hours of trial. In her own, I know, she will not be forgotten.

The dance given by the Victorian Order of Nurses in the Separate School hall on Friday night was an unprecedented success. The popularity of both the nurses and the cause, and the untiring efforts of Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Benson, Mrs. Spratt and Mrs. McNamara, all conspired to make it so, and all meeting with an unprecedented success. The popularity of the dance, it was that too many people insisted on being present—a good thing when you remember that the purpose of the affair was to raise money for a much-needed Nurses' home.

The music, floor, and supper were all excellent, and with the presence, in large numbers, of some of the season's prettiest debutantes, was in every way a decidedly interesting event.

I have no space to more than mention the friends of the committee, there being such a deluge of social notes this week.

Miss Beck appeared in a rich toilette of black satin, draped in chiffon and trimmed with handsome jet garnitures.

Mrs. Jennings looked very sweet in a blonde lace robe over Paddy Green satin.

Mrs. Benson wore pale blue satin with lovely blue chiffon panier effects, and some soft touches of white.

Mrs. Benson was pale blue satin with lovely blue chiffon panier effects, and some soft touches of white. Her gown was of white satin, with a clinging chiffon over-dress embroidered in crystal, and in her black hair a bandeau of crystal and rhinestones.

A very striking girl debutante made her bow to society at this dance, Miss Leah Couper. Her gown was of white satin, with a clinging chiffon over-dress embroidered in crystal, and in her black hair a bandeau of crystal and rhinestones.

Later the Club adjourned for tea to the Blue Moon.

The first Assembly Dance to be held this Friday night, in the Separate School Hall, is the most eagerly looked forward to society event of the week.

Miss Anne Merrill entertained at a pleasant impromptu tea, in the Blue Moon on Saturday. Mrs. Price, of Calgary, a young newspaper girl from the city, was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Price is at present on her honeymoon.

Those enjoying the pleasure of meeting her were: Mrs. Price, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Kim, Mrs. Balmer Watt, and the Misses Murphy.

Miss Marjorie Beck had a jolly little tea party of young girls on Wednesday afternoon. Just a few friends to drink tea, and have a chat with her young sister, Miss Helen Beck, of Los Angeles, who leaves for her home at the weekend.

The Misses Murphy are giving a young people's tea on Saturday afternoon, boys as well as girls, so it is sure to be a jolly affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Morris, and Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Morris, entertained at the beginning of the week, from a delightful social outing.

Mrs. William Blackburn, who is living in a house with the Arlington, entertained at a party of luncheon, of seven covers on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charlesworth, Mrs. Car-

dell of the South Side, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Field and Mrs. McNamara being the invited guests.

The table was done in lovely yellow mums.

A smart little dinner of eight covers was given by Mrs. Marjorie Beck, of the South Side, on the week, in honor of Mrs. Pardee's guest, Mrs. Kittermaster of Sarnia.

Those enjoying it were Mr. and Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Kittermaster, Miss Garvey, Mr. Turnbull, and Mr. Jack Rogers.

The ushers of the Belcher-Graham wedding entertained at a jolly box-party at the Empire on Tuesday night, the bride and groom to be, Miss Jessie Belcher, Miss Anna Belcher, Miss Mewburn, Dr. Graham, Mr. Walker Taylor, Mr. Dyson Phelps, and Kenneth Edmonston, forming the happy party.

Mrs. Arthur Yockney will receive for the first time in her new home, 427 Sixth street, on Wednesday, October 30th, and afterwards, on the first Wednesday as usual. Her mother, Mrs. Crawford, and her sister, Miss Beatrice Crawford, will receive with Mrs. Yockney.

Mrs. Richard Seole was at home for the first time in her pretty, artistic home on the Stony Plain road on Monday afternoon, and a number of friends gathered to take part in the informal home-warming.

Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick poured tea, and the charming grey and rose reception room was sweet and fragrant with lovely pink roses, a cherry tree laden up the wide, cobble-chimney adding to the coziness and attractiveness.

A number of hostesses in the West End also received shoals of callers on the same day. The third Monday is practically the universal day now in that district, and busy society women made an afternoon of it, dropping in on their friends.

The dance given by Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Belcher in the Separate School hall on Monday evening for their daughter, Anna's, company, was the happiest and the most delightful imaginable. Besides witnessing the coming-out of the youngest daughter of the house, it was also in the nature of a farewell party for Miss Adelle Belcher, whose marriage to Mr. Graham took place on Wednesday.

The sale de dance was gaily decorated with country flowers, and had numerous cosy sitting-out nooks arranged, where company could sit and enjoy the pretty sight.

The host and hostess received on duty at the end of the evening, looking very sweet and stately, in handsome amethyst chiffon velvet, the decolette trimmed with rich embroideries and some beautiful lace.

Col. Belcher was, as always, just himself, the fine, kindly soldier, when old-timers and new comers alike unite in admiring. The young debutante daughter assisted her parents in receiving their guests, and looked radiantly happy and well in her white duchesse-satin frock, the yoke and short sleeves embroidered in crystals and pearls, a corsage of white champagne satin, veiled in fresh green leaves being a smart finishing touch.

The gown was gathered in with a satin giraffe at the waist, from which a rope cord caught it up on the left side of the skirt.

Her flowers were huge white mums, tied with long satin streamers.

Miss Adelle Belcher was looking as pretty and happy as could be, with soft draughts of champagne, and a short gold lace overdress.

By her side the most of the evening was the fortunate couple of Wednesday, being showered with congratulations, and looking supremely happy at the prospect.

Miss Jessie Belcher was wearing a lovely frock of white champagne, with soft draughts of champagne, and a short gold lace overdress.

Mrs. Cherry of Winnipeg, Miss Helen Mewburn, of Lethbridge, and Miss Huer Tett, all house guests, were all smartly frocked. Mrs. Cherry in the softest white satin, with an overdress of draped white chiffon heavily embroidered in silver. Fastened to the waist were two huge pink velvet poodles, while the corsage had a deep berthe of exquisite Spanish lace,

embroidered in crystals and rhinestones.

Miss Mewburn was a piquante little figure in pale blue satin, with a silver end-embroidered tunic, and Miss Tett was in palest green silk, veiled in apricot-shaded chiffon the skirt finished with a deep lace flounce.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Belcher entertained at a dinner on Monday evening, prior to the dance, the guests being all relatives or house-guests.

On Friday last Mrs. Bryce Saunders entertained at a large fashionable Bridge-Tea, six tables played the apparently popular, and being later by throngs of other smartly frocked women, at the tea hour.

Continued on Page 8

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Alberta at its next session for an Act authorizing the Dominion Trust Company, a body corporate, incorporated under the provisions of Chapter 80 of the Acts of Parliament of Canada for the year 1912, and hereinafter referred to as the Company, to carry on its business and exercise its corporate powers within the Province of Alberta, and enacting that it may be appointed by the Supreme Court of said Province, or any Judge thereof, or any other Court, Judge, Officer or person authorized to make such appointment, to execute the offices of executor, administrator, trustee, accountant, arbitrator, adjuster, auditor, receiver, assignee, liquidator, sequestrator, official guardian, guardian, curator, or committee of a lunatic, and perform the duties of such officers or trusts as fully and completely as a natural person so appointed could do; and to exercise in relation thereto all its corporate powers, and enacting that the Company may be appointed to execute any of the said offices by any person or persons having authority by deed, will or by instruments to appoint a person or persons to execute any such offices, and that the Company may be appointed to be a sole trustee notwithstanding that but for such enactment it would be necessary to appoint more than one trustee, and that the Company may also be appointed trustee jointly with any person, or body corporate, and enacting that it shall not be necessary for the Company to give any security for

the due performance of its duties in any of the said offices unless otherwise ordered, and enacting that the Company may take over the entire property, business and undertaking of any person or body corporate in the Province of British Columbia and licensed to do business in the province of Alberta by Certificate of Registration No. 2142, dated the 17th day of January, 1910, issued under Foreign Companies Ordinance, and that all trusts and property, estates, securities and powers of every nature and kind held, or enjoyed by said Dominion Trust Company Limited shall be vested in the Company, subject to such conditions and trusts as the same are now held upon by Dominion Trust Company Limited, and declaring that the Company shall be substituted in the place and stead of Dominion Trust Company Limited in any such office or trust as aforesaid, and that in every deed, mortgage, indenture, conveyance, will, codicil, letter of administration, appointment or other document of authority in which Dominion Trust Company Limited is named or appointed to any such office or trust, including any will or codicil of which it is or is still living, shall be read and construed in all respects as if the word Dominion Trust Company Limited in the place and stead of Dominion Trust Company Limited.

LITTED in the Province of Alberta, this 16th day of October, 1912.

SHORT, WOODS, BIGGAR & COLLISON,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

The Best Time

to buy MILLINERY is now.

Last Week I told you about the lease of my store expiring on January 1st—that I had decided to start a clearance sale at once, which would include all the latest Chicago and New York fashions.

Commencing Today and all this Week, I offer you a very special assortment of Hats that usually sold for \$7.00 and \$8.00, now \$5.00.

My Store will be open Tonight.

542 Jasper Avenue, West.

Phone 4312.

Mrs. Ferrier

The Ideal Millinery Store

540 Jasper West. Cor. 7th Street.

Phone 4312.

Madam S. GAY RAYMOND

Dermatological and Scalp Specialist,

Hairdressing, Manicuring, Viscousage, Massage and Electroplastic.

542 Jasper Avenue, West Phone 1478

We wish to announce that we have with us a French Hairdresser, Phone 1478 for Appointment.

The World's Musical Wonder

Electric Orchestral Piano

Playing over 40 Different Instruments

at

Hepburn's Ice Cream & Tea Parlor

Visit us for your Afternoon Tea

Hepburn's

THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.

Private Directors and Embalmers

Private Chapel and Ambulance

36 RICE STREET Phone 1825

Excels for making



PURTY FLOUR

What's at the bottom of kidney trouble

There are many causes at the bottom of an attack of kidney trouble, over eating, over drinking, heavy colds, and other causes which such as kidney trouble, gall stones, kidney stones, gravel, lumbago. But no matter what is at the bottom of the disease, there is now a sure and safe cure, one that acts quickly and without fail. That remedy is SANOL, which is already well known to the medical profession of Canada as well as to thousands of sufferers from the disease named above. One fine day you will be well and wide awake, and you will be relieved of all your troubles. SANOL is a powerful medicine that has cured of gall stones by SANOL, after suffering for 12 years. So grateful was she that she sent to us a large number of people to be relieved of similar complaints. We do not care where the reader of this paragraph resides. We can give him or her names and addresses of people in his own town or locality who have been cured by SANOL. We will also give the name and address of the lady referred to above, who had troubled her for such a long period and who is now completely cured. SANOL is manufactured only by the Sand Manufacturing Company of Canada Limited, Winnipeg.

For sale by most leading druggists or direct from manufacturers at \$1.50 per bottle.

Sanol is Safe and Sure

Jackson Bros. The Leading Jewellers

Have opened up a Copper Plate Engraving and Printing Department. Calling Cards, Wedding Invitations and Announcements. Engraved and Printed to your order.

Jackson Bros.

Leading Jewelers and Diamond Merchants
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Marriage Licenses Issued

Blue Moon English Tea Room

Breakfast, Lunch, Afternoon Tea and Supper
Served. Rooms for Dining, Private Tea and Bridge Parties.

108 Hamilton Block Rice Street

I Heard Rather a Good One

The song which we have chosen this week is, perhaps, the best example of all that a song should be.

After reading it over carefully, you will not have the faintest idea what it is all about. You won't know who "Bonnie" was; you won't know his or her last name, if he (or she) had one; you won't know whether Bonnie was over the ocean in Sydney, N.S.W., or in San Diego, Cal. You won't know why he (or she) wants his (or her) Bonnie back, or why Bonnie ever went away.

It is a grand specimen of a song, and only one improvement is possible. This we mention in its place below.

Here goes for stanza No. 1:

My Bonnie lies over the ocean.

(1) My Bonnie lies over the sea.

(2) My Bonnie lies over the ocean.

(3) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

(4) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

(5) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

(6) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

(7) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

(8) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

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(85) Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

nice. Now, let's see, what do they accuse you of stealing? Rastus—Oh, a mule, and a few chickens, and a hog or two.

When father drove old Dobbin he sat upon a load and frowned on every chauffeur who wanted half the road, but when father got an auto his feeling seemed to switch, he glared at every horse he met unless it took the ditch.

Husband—Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg.

Wife—Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice.

"I love you!" he cried with all the fervent passion of a hero in a first-class novel.

"Oh, James!" she murmured, nestling in his arms.

"Praise for the usual salutations. For you," he breathed, as soon as he had his mouth to spare,

I would swim the ragingest raging storm, fight my way through the roaring flames, tramp a thousand miles through a desert of sand and dust!"

"No, no," she cried, "promise me that you'll never do anything—any such thing!"

"Why, darling?" he queried surprised.

"Oh, think what a fright you'd look with your clothes all wet and scorched and dusty!" she exclaimed severely.

And he thanked his stars that he had found such a practical sweetheart.

A lawyer and connoisseur was describing some of his experiences in search of curios.

"I once entered a Wardour street shop in London," he said, smiling, and the salesmen pointed out to me a dilapidated chair.

"That there chair, sir," he said impressively, belonged to Louis Croxey, king of France.

"Louis Croxey?" said I. "Why, there's no such person."

"Oh, yes, there is, sir!" said the salesman, and he showed me a ticket marked "Louis XI."

The man who fired a shot through the window of a room in which a phonograph was playing in "the wee sma' hours"—will have the sympathy of some of us.

"Can a man play a cornet and be a Christian?" asked a musician of Sturgeon.

"Yes! I think so," said the clerical wit, "but I don't think his neighbors can."

A man travelling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who told him his father, aged ninety, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?" he asked.

"Yes; pop's close to ninety." "Is his health good?" "Tain't much now."

"He's been complainin' for a few months back." "What's the matter with him?" "I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him!"

"Why did you leave that boarding house?"

"Because the sweetness was at the expense of the food supply."

"Four kinds of forks and two kinds of vegetables."

A country school teacher was cashing her monthly cheque at the bank. The teller apologized for the filthy condition of the bills, saying: "I hope you're not afraid of microbes."

"Not a bit of it," the schoolmarm replied. "I'm sure no microbe could live on my salary!"

Captain—"Supposing the barracks were to catch fire, what would you sound?"

Trumpeter (newly joined)—"Sure, sorr, I'd sound the cease fire."

Grace, aged 5, had twin brothers a year older than herself, who were mischievous.

"Papa," she said one day, "every night when Harry and I say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys."

"That's nice," replied her father.

"Well," queried the little sceptic, "why don't He do it?"

"How do they serve meals from that lutch wagon?"

"I suppose they serve them a la cart."

The teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of America. "And now, boys," she announced afterwards, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"The porcupine, ma'am."

"I don't know whether it is a good thing to encourage women to go into politics or not," said the man with the furrowed brow.

Lawyer—Those will do very



To have two or three corsets in constant use is really an economy. The newest one should be reserved for dress occasions. A second one may be chosen especially to wear with tailored suits. The third and oldest one gives perfect freedom and comfort while attending to household duties.



à la Grâce CORSETS

are made in a variety of models to meet the requirements of every costume and every figure. For the well-developed figure we recommend Models No. 619, No. 633, and No. 505.

Sold by the best stores everywhere in Canada. Write for book of new styles to Crompton Corset Company, Limited, Toronto.

A Peninsula is a Piece of Land Surrounded by Water

KENNEDALE

is a place of land surrounded by water. KENNEDALE has 2 miles of trackage and this trackage coupled with the sites which we are giving to any legitimate industrial concern, absolutely free is putting KENNEDALE in the very heart of the industrial revolution. KENNEDALE adjoins the Sudb's plant, the Colinet and Bee Factory, The Western Foundry and Machine Co., and the Great Northern Tannery. A huge millage concern has an option on 15 acres in KENNEDALE with a view of putting up a plant of considerable magnitude. Another large concern has promised to start operations shortly. The Spokane Ornamental Iron and Wire Works are considering the advisability of starting a large plant adjoining KENNEDALE. Gairners have a site close in and intend building another packing plant, and other industries are arranging for FREE SITES. KENNEDALE's location (look it up on the map) and these great industries round it absolutely secure KENNEDALE's future as well built up business district. KENNEDALE is also close to schools, churches, hotels, restaurants, stores, a bank, post office and car line. SECURE YOUR LOTS NOW. The shortest men in the city have been quick snapping up KENNEDALE for some time.

Get In Before it is All Sold. Remember this is Business Property

Lots \$300 Up. 1-4 Cash, Bal. 4, 8, 12 and 16 Months

TAYLOR, HUNTER & CO.

322 JASPER AVENUE EAST

Edmonton's Busiest Office

PHONE 6918

Every Eddy Match is a Sure Safe Match

"Surely you do not doubt their capability?"

"Not in the least. But think of the appalling sums that will change hands if they get to betting hats on elections."

"What success have you had with the portrait of your mother-in-law?"

"Tremendous! It is such a speaking likeness that my brother when he came to look at it, instinctively put his cigar behind his back."

The Senator's wife (in Washington): "You are sure they are nice people, Augusta?"

The Senator's Daughter: "Yes, mamma. Their father is owned by the same trust that owns papa."

Recently in Seattle in a cigar stand appeared the sign, "We give \$10.00 for 1909 Lincoln pennies." No less a personage was attracted by this than Judge Watson. He walked up to the counter and laying down a penny triumphantly asked for \$10.00.

The clerk took the penny, examined it closely, asked if it were genuine, and after several minutes sighed and said he guessed it was good.

"Certainly it is," answered the Judge. "Where is my \$10.00?"

"Where," said the clerk, "are the other 1908?"—Life.

It is made of first quality materials by skilled workmen and mechanically perfect machines and carries with it the Eddy guarantee that it's a sure light.

ALWAYS make sure you are well supplied with Eddy's matches because "if you're sure they're Eddy's, you're sure they're right."

EDDY'S Matches are always full M. M. count—good dealers everywhere keep them.

THE E. B. EDDY COMPANY LIMITED
MILL, CANADA

Makers also of Paper, Paper Bags, Toilet Paper
Tissue Towels, Etc.

Through the Looking Glass

Continued from Page 1

Oh dear, oh dear! What may we not expect by this time next week!

The census man was taking the census at a door on Seventh Street.

"How many in the family?" he chirped.
 "My husband and myself and two children."
 "Boys or girls? Single, tall, fair or dark?" went on the Inquisitive Person.

"Girl and boy."
 "Girl, how old?"

"Twenty-one."
 "Then she has a vote."

"What occupation?"
 "Daughter of the house."

"Then I'll write her down a school teacher."

"Oh, no."
 "An artist, then."

"Good morning, you'll write her down what I've told you, nothing more, nothing less."

But of course they were most particular about not juggling the census returns.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

"If you toot your little tooter and then lay away your horn,

There's not a soul in ten short days will know that you -- are born

The man who gathers pumpkins is the man who plows all day,

And the man who keeps a-humping is the man who makes the pay

The man who advertises with short and sudden jerks

Is the man who blames the editor because it never works.

Vanity Fair

Continued from Page 6

Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Donald Macdonald were the lucky prize winners, carrying home an Irish lace collar, and a dainty work-bag as favors.

Mrs. Saunders received her guests gowned in a handsome toilette of faded green satin, draped with black chiffon and with broad garlands of heavy hand-made lace.

The young daughters of the house received with their mother. Miss Marjorie a dainty girlish figure in mauve shot silk, with a quaint, old-fashioned lace fichu, Miss Beatrice in hair striped pale blue silk, with pretty lace, and black velvet touches.

The tea table, presided over by Mrs. Arthur Mowat and Mrs. Rogers, was a lovely arrangement of pink and white sweet peas on a Mexican drawn-work centrepiece, pink shaded candles, and the same color effect carried out in the refreshments, making an altogether charming decoration scheme.

Mrs. Hixon cut the ices at a small side table, and those assisting were: Miss Brey, Miss Jean Dawson, Miss Gwen Barnes, Miss Alice McKenney, Miss Isabel Ponton, and the daughters of the house.

I hear that the "Women's Canadian Club of Edmonton" will shortly have the pleasure of having Mr. Castell Hopkins of Toronto address them.

On Wednesday evening last Miss Jean Dawson made her initial how to society at a smart dance given by her mother, Mrs. Herbert Dawson, in the Separate School Hall.

I don't know what I ever remember being at a more brilliant private dance in Edmonton. It was notable for the number of Old-Timers as well as the present day young set, who came out to greet this pretty, unaffected young girl, and her very popular mother, and lingered until the very last number on the gramme to either watch or take part in the dance.

The hall was looking splendidly, quantities of bright flags and graceful palms hiding the usual bare white walls and making one forget that the affair was not taking place in some private residence.

Mrs. Dawson received on the dais at the far end, a stately figure in rich black satin, glistening white chamoise, veiled in filmy white with her hair daughter, charming picture of happy girlhood in her coming-out gown of white chamoise, veiled in filmy white crepe, the corsage ornamented with a fishu of exquisite lace, caught with a corsage bouquet of white satin flowers.

Catching up the graceful train was another knot of satin roses, while in her dark hair was a soft bandeau of tulle, sewn with sparkling rhinestones.

Miss Dawson was looking very sweet and attractive in graceful white crepe de chine, with a narrow satin stripe, and pearl ornaments in her hair and at her throat.

The stalwart sons of the house, Mr. Mac, and Mr. Jack Dawson, were splendid assistant hosts, and

did everything to make things pass off smoothly.

A delightful lighting effect was produced by shading the usually too dazzling lights, with long trailing ferns, giving the room more the effect of a conservatory than a stiff public hall.

At all the teas and parties I see this bright young debutante assisting and enjoying the affairs as only a debutante can, so that already congratulations and good-wishes, showered upon her at her dance, are beginning to be realized.

Mrs. Richard Secord was the hostess of a breakfast on Saturday morning last, in honor of Miss Addie Belcher, the much-feted bride of this week.

Bride roses and lilies of the valley formed the lovely table decorations, the guests being: Mrs. Belcher, Miss Belcher, Miss Jessie Belcher, Mrs. Cherry (Winnipeg), Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Merrill, Miss Kathleen Murphy and Miss Evelyn Murphy.

On Thursday last Mrs. Ponton entertained at an informal Military Enchere for her debutante daughter, Miss Isabel, Miss Tiller, and Miss Nora Campbell, and Mr. Walker Taylor and Mr. Fred McKenney carrying off the prizes.

Mrs. Duncan Smith entertained at a young people's bridge, for her guests, Miss McKenney, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald was the hostess of a three-table bridge on Thursday last in honor of Mrs. Pardee's guests.

I went out to the Royal Alex Hospital on Thursday afternoon, where Miss Fairservice was receiving formally for the first time since coming to Edmonton.

Although the day was a cold blustery one, a large number of smart callers went out to see the very popular and capable young matron of this tremendously busy institution.

The pretty rooms were sweet and fragrant with quantities of pink roses. Miss Fairservice looking stunning in a lovely all-over white embroidery gown. With her, Miss Henderson of Montreal, a graduate nurse of whom I hear wonderful things of her skill in her profession.

Passing the delicious dainties, were Miss Campbell, Miss Truesdale, and Miss Easton, three of the cleverest young nurses on the staff.

In the tea-room yellow roses and pretty candle-lights made the tea-table a thing of beauty, and a popular rendezvous. Here Mrs. Stalter presided at the tea urn.

Before leaving I had a peep at one or two of the wards, of which more anon.

Now that the days are getting chilly, and afternoon tea is again a popular form of amusement, it will be of interest to women to know the Mr. Hepburn is making big innovations at the rear of his main store on Jasper Ave. to cater to the needs of those who have their cup of tea at five o'clock.

Already he has outfitted a large modern kitchen with everything

The man who gets the business has strong and steady pull.
 He keeps his trade and paper from year to year quite full.
 He plans his trade announcement in a thoughtful, honest way,
 And keeps forever at it until he makes it pay."

During the past week several business men have suggested that I change the name of this paper to "Edmonton Saturday Night," "The Edmonton Saturday Night," "The Mirror Saturday Night," etc., etc. I am always glad to receive suggestions, and I think perhaps there is something in the argument of these gentlemen, that "The Mirror," alone, is too suggestive of women and vanity.

I don't know why the introduction of the idea of "Saturday" should always prove so popular a one, but nevertheless it is so, and I am not out to fight facts.

Now I don't want to copy, even a name from any other paper, and the word "Mirror" has old and very pleasant associations for me.

So far as I know, it is the only paper of such a name in Canada.

I first began writing under a department of that heading.

I have been permitted to live this long and still head my copy so.

Therefore—I am going to meet you half-way.

This week I am introducing the word "Saturday" into the name.

Henceforth we will be known as "The Saturday Mirror."

In that dim land we call, "the Future," I hope and trust, that the name will stand for all that is just, and honorable. That it will be a power in the land.

That it will be a menace to evil doers.

The champion of the weak.

A Mirror indeed, reflecting without fear or prejudice, passing events of the day.

calculated to give the cleanest, quickest, and most up-to-date service in town.

Arrangements can be made for reserved tables. There will be a dainty light lunch served in the middle of the day, special catering orders will be taken, and already the silver, china and other dainty appointments are on the road to carry all this out.

From now on, tea and light refreshments, and feed drinks will be obtainable at all hours and in the near future Hepburn's tea-room will be the most attractive and fashionable place in town for afternoon tea.

This week the Masters' Piano Co. have installed a large electric piano orchestra, to add yet another attraction to Mr. Hepburn's tearoom. It is the only one of its kind west of Winnipeg, and is well worth going to hear alone.

As I write of it, Mr. Hepburn has the renting of splendid quarters for private afternoon tea parties, particulars of which can be obtained from him.

PEGGY.

Can anyone inform me how long it should take a letter or paper, posted in Edmonton before seven o'clock on Friday evening, to reach the person to whom it is addressed in the same city?

I am asking out of curiosity.

I want to know.

I want to know because I think the postal delivery in Edmonton is the slowest and most antiquated in the world.

I am by way of being an antique collector in a small way.

I want to know if anyone knows of a more snail-like system, because if they don't, I shall feel justified in putting in a bid for this one, to add interest to my small assortment of things of a by-gone day.

I don't say, mark you, that it is more than two hundred years old.

I wouldn't like to commit myself to more than that.

But surely everyone will concede, that from early Friday evening, until sometimes Monday afternoon, has got every tortoise beater for the delivery of a paper.

This is what The Mirror has been putting up with from the local office ever since it first saw the light of day.

Of course I did in an early issue have the tendency of a paper, and an incident which happened, and was seen by two of my mailing staff behind the boxes of the post-office.

Perhaps the method of delivering The Mirror may have something to do with my fool-hardy action.

It is up to the postoffice to explain.

I am having a man check every paper that goes out of this office in future. I will subscribers help me out to see that their papers are delivered on time, by notifying this office when they fail to reach them on Friday afternoon's or Saturday morning's first mail?

This matter is going to be threshed out to a finish.

The Postal authorities might just as well meet me on a fair footing first as last.

If all papers receive the treatment I am getting, then their office needs looking into—And if they don't—

Well I am not quite as easy as I may look.



THE HOME OF THE OVERCOAT

THE Hudson's Bay Company's Men's Department has without exception the largest and most complete collection of High-Grade Overcoats ever displayed in this City or Western Canada. Our buyer has visited the best markets of this Country, the United States and Europe in search of the styles best suited to the tastes and fancies of the men of Edmonton. And he has succeeded—that is plainly evidenced by these wonderful new assortments.

Canadian Styles—American Styles—English Styles; they are all here in splendid array, portraying the best that can be produced in the Countries mentioned. The Tailoring and Workmanship are of the Highest Order—you get a made-to-order fit at a ready-for-service price. Every little detail, as to style, fit and general appearance has been taken into careful consideration—each of these Garments had to first pass the critical eye of our Clothes Expert before entering our display room. Here, at this Store, you are positively sure of getting Quality and Style, whether it be a Coat at \$15.00 or one at \$50.00.

Overcoats in Single and Double-Breasted Styles, Belted, Box-Back and Raglan Collars, with Velvet Collars, High Storm Collars and Regular Arctic Collars. Among the favorite materials are many swaggar models in Beaver Cloth, Tweeds, English Worsteds and Double-Face Blanket Cloth, in shades and mixtures of Grey, Brown, Green, Tan, Purple and lighter effects.

PRICES RANGE FROM
\$15.00 TO \$50.00

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY